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specialization. In the same manner, I can easily conceive that a private duty nurse who is not confined by the onerous burdens of routine nursing duties such as washing a patient's face, scrubbing his teeth, brushing his hair, giving a sponge bath, reading his morning paper, and serving as a professional entertainer, would have a broader field ahead in giving more time, thought, and study to the most highly advanced thoughts on modern nursing developments. She could consult with and coöperate with the physician in charge on the questions of food values and their preparations, develop technic in gastric lavage, make preparation for, or peradventure dress some difficult surgical case, and countless other functions, taking nothing from the glory of the medical, but adding much to the exaltation of her own profession.

ZANUB

BY FRANCES JACKSON-BENNETT

American Mission Hospital, Assiut, Egypt

SHE was a Moslem girl—bright, attractive, sweet. Her father and mother were both dead, so she, a little nine-year-old child, had to earn her own living. She “went into service” and became the wee maid of all work in the house of a Moslem Bey. The Bey himself was kind enough and the child liked him, but his wife and the other servants were hard on, and unkind to, the orphan, and work was continuous and very monotonous.

One day her master, while resting in his room with his brother, bade the child boil him some water, so she lit the primus stove and was just about to place the kettle on it when a bit of her poor, torn, dirty dress caught the flame, and before she realized it, her whole dress was in a blaze. Dropping the kettle, she rushed through the house, so fanning the flame, till she reached the door of the Bey's room and would have entered, but that her master's brother at sight of the burning child lost his head and banged the door in her face. But the Bey, who grasped the situation, lost little time in running out, seizing the child, and with his own hands putting out the flames, thereby getting burned himself.

Two hours later, wrapped in a blanket, they brought her to the hospital. She was shockingly burned, nothing save one arm and her sweet little face having escaped the cruel flames. The nurses dressed her and placed her in a corner bed in the surgical ward. Shortly afterwards, on passing through the corridor I heard awful screams and thought for the moment they were dressing some little child who

was afraid. However, a nurse came to me and told me from whom the screams were coming. I went to the wee soul and found two native nurses trying to hold her while she struggled and screamed. Hardly could I quiet her while I asked her some commonplace questions. Later, on reëntering the ward, I heard one of the nurses say, "Here she comes," and feared at first they were trying to frighten her into being quieter, but was soon undeceived. As I got nearer the bed the wee face brightened and the child asked me to sit near her. I took a chair, but that did not please her. "Please sit on my bed," she pleaded. Then, "Put your arm round me," and then a wonderful quiet came over her and she became almost still. But each time I moved to go she would beg me to remain with her, and her beautiful brown eyes looked into mine most trustingly. Yet I'm sure she had never before in her short life seen a foreign face.

Later on she again became restless. Then, "Let me sit up," she pleaded. I raised her, then very sweetly she murmured, "I want to sit up in your arms." Who could resist her, poor little pain-torn child? One of the native nurses had long since slipped away to see to her other patients, the other stood near to help me should I need her. I turned and asked her if she was praying for the child. She answered, "Oh, yes, I'm praying much that she should get better." "Don't," I said, "just pray that she shall find peace." Yes, looking at the poor burned body, that sweet little face, and into those beautiful, soulful eyes, and knowing a little of the life which, as an orphan Moslem servant girl, would be hers, I felt I dared not pray for her physical recovery. But earnestly I prayed that the wee soul would be saved unto eternal life.

A few hours later, very quietly, very restfully, wee Zanub passed away—passed, as we fully believe, right into the presence of Him who said, "Suffer the little children, and forbid them not." And for many days one's soul was thrilled as she thought of the joy which must have been hers when she entered those undreamed-of glories. She who, even amid intense physical suffering, responded so quickly to the touch of human love and sympathy,—how her whole being must have responded as she found herself free from pain and in the midst of the circle of the love of the children's Saviour.

THE PASSING OF A GREAT SOUL

On December thirteenth, over 1,400 sightless men attended the funeral of Sir Arthur Pearson, the great-hearted man whose best memorial is St. Dunstan's,—that marvellous institution in London for the rehabilitation of blind soldiers, that is animated by Sir Arthur's personal motto: "Victory over Blindness." It was while occupying a premier position in the journalistic world that his own blindness came upon him, an affliction which caused him to consider others similarly afflicted as his own especial charge—an obligation he fulfilled to the uttermost.